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'LYRA SACRA.'

‘LYRA SACRA.’

BY

MARY E. KENDREW.

‘They learn in suffering
What they teach in song.’

SHELLEY.

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HIS LOVE.

GOD's message on thy birthday

Sure is this,

' His banner over thee is love !'

Canst thou not read the word

Through blur of tears ?

Yet it is there

In golden letters,

Graven on the Father-heart of God,

Unchanged, unchanging,

Never-ending love.

So hard to read the word aright

Through mist of pain,

Of disappointment sore and anguish keen,

So hard with trembling lips to spell it out,

The Father's lesson of unerring love.

His ways are not our ways ; trust and be still !

His thoughts are high above our thoughts, bow

to His will !

Thou seest the present agony, the bitter pain ;
He sees the future, with its glorious gain.
Dear to the Father's heart the suffering child,
Guidance the closest o'er the pathway wild,
Tender encompassing from day to day,
' Though all should leave thee,' He is near alway,
Nearer and dearer as the years speed on,
Nearer and dearer till the night be gone ;
' Till the day dawns, and shadows flee away,
Love, God's own love, will ever with thee stay.'
In that bright morning thou with glad acclaim
Wilt breathe the word that angel lips proclaim,
With holy joy and reverence then to prove
The law that governs earth and heaven is ' Love.'
Believe it if thou canst not understand,
That it is love that wields the chastening Hand.
It is the Badge of Sonship that thou bear
The chastening—and Christ's hallowed sufferings
share.

**'HE KNOWETH THY WALKING FROM
DAY TO DAY.'**

OH, comforting thought as we walk to-day,
Sadly perchance, on our pilgrim way,
Baffled by doubts and harassed by fears,
Sighs abounding and frequent tears ;

Oh, stay, sad heart ! for this comfort stay,
He knoweth thy walking from day to day.

Lonely one, list ! 'tis a word for thee :
Haste with thy sorrow, to Jesus flee ;
Think not alone thy grief to bear,
Jesus is ready the burden to share.

Oh, stay, lone heart ! for this comfort stay ;
He knoweth thy walking from day to day.

The past has been dark and the future dim,
Yet the past and the future are known to Him ;
His love has been round thee where'er thou hast
been,
Thy Saviour has watched thee, near, though
unseen.

Oh, tried one ! stay, for this comfort stay ;
He knoweth thy walking from day to day.

And so whatever the future may hold,
His faithful saints shall come forth as gold,
In the day that He makes up His jewels to
shine,
Found worthy for Him to call thee ‘Mine.’
Oh, stay, tired heart! for this comfort stay;
He knoweth thy walking from day to day.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

OH, what a wondrous story
The angels came to tell—
How that the Lord of Glory
Had come on earth to dwell!
And far and wide the tidings,
And message new from heaven,
The wondering shepherds whispered,
‘Of peace and sins forgiven !’

Oh, wondrous Star that guided
O'er trackless desert wide
Those simple, loving shepherds
To their dear Saviour's side.

And when at last they found Him,
All in a manger laid,
They knelt in adoration,
And vows of homage paid.

Oh, might we like those shepherds,
With loving heart and free,
Make haste, O blessed Saviour !
To come and worship Thee ;
To love Thee for the meekness
Which came in such poor guise,
And left Thy home in heaven
To be our sacrifice :

That we like them might hasten
The glorious news to tell,
How Jesus snapped sin's fetters,
And burst the gates of hell—
To spread it far, the message,
Which is so sweet and true,
That everyone may hear it
The wide world through and through.

6 *What shall I do To-day, Dear Lord ?*

WHAT SHALL I DO TO-DAY, DEAR
LORD ?

WHAT shall I do to-day, dear Lord ?
 Speak to my heart and say ;
Whisper a word to my inmost ear,
 When I kneel me down to pray.
Is there a task Thou wouldest have me do
 Ere the day speed on to night ?
Is there a battle that I must wage
 In the cause of truth and right ?
Is there a smile that I may give
 To the weary passer-by,
A tender look to the mourning one,
 Or a tear that I may dry ?
Whatever it be Thou wouldest have me do,
 Let me cheerfully obey,
And bear in my mind Thy blessed will
 Through the hours of each busy day.

THE SONGS OF EVE.

THE songs of youth are gay, gay songs,
 And we sing them with careless ease,
With a heart so light and a face so bright,
 When the world doth naught but please.

Grave songs that we sing as the years move on
And our sorrows come apace,
And the cares of life, with its battling strife,
To the gayer songs give place.

And now the morning glow has passed,
And the bloom of life has fled,
And we sit and think with a quiet smile
On ‘the way that He hath led.’

And we live sometimes in the old, old past,
With the ones we loved so dear ;
And we hear again their well-known voice,
And their laughter ringing clear.

And as we sit and listen thus,
Earth’s voices growing dim,
We check the tear, for, oh ! we know
Our loved ones are with Him !

So not again in the old, old past
For their presence would we crave,
For, oh ! our hope is a strong, strong hope,
‘Of the life beyond the grave’—

Of that blessed country, bright and fair,
Of its peace and perfect rest ;
And we smile as we sing with quavering voice
That ‘the songs of *eve* are best.’

We used to sing when the task was done,
And the work of day was o'er,
And we crowded round the ingle-nook,
And our tongues ran on galore,

And each one had his tale to tell,
Or sing his simple lay,
Ere we gathered close for the 'Evening Hymn,'
Which we sang at close of day.

We shall gather again by a 'Household Nook,'
But not by the fading light!
We shall sing again, but not again
A song of the coming night!

So we croon it over with sweet refrain,
As we sit and take our rest;
The songs of youth *may* be gay, gay songs,
But the songs of *eve* are best.

UPWARD, EVER UPWARD.

Upward, ever upward,
To our home above,
Keep us ever pressing,
Oh, thou God of Love !
By our foes undaunted,
Calm and undismayed,
We will face life's battle,
Led by Christ our Head.
Onward, ever onward,
Till our work is done ;
Onward, ever onward,
Till the fight be won !

Upward, ever upward,
Courage for the fight
God our King will give us,
Power to do the right,
In His strength to conquer
Over every sin,
And, through Jesu's merit,
Grace the prize to win.
Onward, ever onward,
Till our work is done ;
Onward, ever onward,
Till the fight is won !

10 *Goodness and Mercy have followed Me*

Upward, ever upward !
Still our songs we'll raise,
Cheer the toilsoine journey
With the notes of praise.
We shall come to Zion,
Joy upon our head,
Songs instead of sighing,
So His Word hath said.
Onward, ever onward,
Till our work is done ;
Onward, ever onward,
Till the fight be won !

‘SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY HAVE FOLLOWED ME.’

THY goodness and mercy, oh, how they have followed me,

Leading me on all through life's varied way ;
Guarding, protecting, delivering, and saving,
Shielding my head from the heat of the day !

How can I thank Thee, most merciful Father ?

How shall I render Thee suitable praise ?

How can my lips speak my inmost thanksgiving
For the love that has followed me all through
my days ?

How shall I count them—those commonplace
mercies?

New every moment those mercies to me;
Surely the sunlight, which welcomes day's dawn-
ing,

Brings as it enters a message from Thee,

Telling of love that all through the night-watches
Scared from my pillow all evil away;
Sending Thine angels, with white wings spread
o'er me,
Guarding my slumbers till dawn of the day.

Most merciful Father! poor are my praises,
Stammering my lips, and feeble my song;
But I would yield Thee my heart's best devotion
Through all my life, be that life short or long.

HEALTH, RICHES, STRENGTH, AND LIFE.

HEALTH, riches, strength, and life
To Thee I give;
Oh, help me henceforth, Christ,
For Thee to live.

Health, riches, strength, and life
For thee I gave,
Despising pain and grief,
Thy soul to save.

Oh, gracious Lord ! I know,
But still I rove ;
Ah ! keep my restless feet
In Thy dear love.

Sometimes my love to Thee
Burns pure and bright ;
My heart is glad to know
The wrong from right.

So glad to choose the right
And leave the wrong,
And life itself becomes
A joyous song.

Thus would I ever live,
Lord, close to Thee ;
Oh, let me from this day
Thy servant be.

Beloved, hear thy Saviour say,
I call thee ‘ friend,’
Not ‘ servant ’ ; and Mine own I keep
Unto the end.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

WHERE does the gate of heaven lie ?

Is it in lonely glen,

Where the mountain torrents hurry by,

Far from the haunts of men ?

Where does the gate of heaven lie ?

In the hum of the busy street,

Where the whirling tide of life flows on,

And the sad and joyous meet ?

Can our longing eyes, uplift to the skies,

Catch a glimpse of that gate so fair ?

Can we point to a spot in that azure blue,

And say, ‘ Behold, it is there ’ ?

Ah no ! ah no ! though we strain our eyes,

No glint of gold appears ;

Not a strain of harmony comes down

To greet our longing ears.

But, oh ! God calls His children home,

From the mart or the raging sea ;

And it may be the gate of heaven lies

Very close to you and me.

It may be in the rush of daily toil,

Or perchance in the silent night,

When God’s finger pushes the hinges back,

And we enter into ‘ Light.’

OH, JESU, HEAR US PRAY !

Oh, Jesu, hear us pray,
From heav'n, Thy dwelling-place.
Thou in Thy Word dost say,
' My child, seek ye My face !'

Thy face, Lord, would we seek
In everything we do ;
Oh, make us from this day
To be more kind and true.

Oh, let us ready stand,
Thy gentle voice to hear,
Which bids our hearts rejoice,
And banishes our fear.

Create, O Lord, in us
A heart both pure and clean ;
Our spirit then renew
By Him who dwells within.

Thy Holy Spirit give,
That we may worship Thee,
And in Thy gracious smile
Live through eternity.

CONFIDENCE.

I CANNOT *see*; but it matters not,
My Lord; if Thou dost lead,
And dost hold my hand, where I cannot stand,
I know I am safe indeed.

What is coming to-day I cannot tell,
But, Lord, it is known to *Thee*;
And so I may rest, for Thou knowest best,
And wilt choose the right for me.

There may be a cross in my lot to-day,
Or perhaps a vexing *thorn*;
But whate'er it be, if I lean upon Thee,
I know it can well be borne.

There may be a shadow athwart my path,
Or a burden to bear to-day;
But if Thou be near I will not fear,
But cheerfully go on my way.

HE KEEPETH THE FEET OF HIS
SAINTS.

HE keepeth the feet of His chosen ones,
 Never more shall they walk alone ;
Though the path be rough, and the roadway
 steep,
He has promised the feet of His saints to keep,
 And their way to Him is known.
He keepeth the feet of His chosen ones,
 Never more need they go astray ;
 He has promised to guide,
 Whatever betide,
 And He surely knoweth the way.
He keepeth our feet ! Oh, blessed word
 Of tender promise sweet ;
To know that though wearily we roam
 Along the desert, it leads to home,
 And our Father's sure retreat !

A DREAM.

I DREAMT last night that by fading light
I watched for my father's return ;
And the hours sped on, till the night was gone,
And the lamps began to burn.
And I waited long, and I grieved me sore,
And my heart grew big with pain,
As we sallied forth, my Love and I,
To meet him in the rain.
The night was dark, but I heeded not,
One only thought I had—
To find him ! to see him ! to clasp him again !
My darling ! my much-loved Dad !
At last in the darkness one I spied
With a form and gait I knew,
And with hurrying feet I sped down the street,
And I looked him through and through.
I looked at his eyes, I looked at his hair,
And I knew he was the same ;
And I clasped him close, my darling Dad !
And I called him by his name.
Oh, Daddie ! Daddie ! Daddie ! I cried
In the old pet name of yore ;
And I woke myself with my agonized cry,
And he stood by my side no more.

My arms were empty! he was not there!
I had called his name in vain,
And I woke from my dream with that bitter
scream
That I'd lost my Dad again!
But no! How should he be there, my Dad,
In the dark and the rain-beat street?
Whom God has taken to dwell with Him,
In the *Sunlight* I shall meet.
Never again in the drizzling rain
To meet and to say 'Good-bye':
I shall meet him 'there,' in God's own good
time,
In 'our Father's home on high.'

TO GOD, OUR COMFORTER AND
FRIEND.

To God, our Comforter and Friend,
We would in prayer draw near,
And bring as worthy sacrifice
The love that casts out fear.

Our times are surely in Thy hand,
As we go to and fro ;
And we would crave the quiet mind
That loves to have it so.

We ask Thee for a perfect faith,
A faith that knows not doubt,
That childlike confidence that pleads,
‘ I will not cast him out ! ’

We ask the Holy Spirit’s aid,
For Him to dwell within ;
That, strengthened by His might, we may
Be victors o’er all sin.

We ask for daily grace, that we
May closely walk with Thee,
And ever in Thy love abide
Through all eternity !

OH, SPREAD THY COVERING TENT
AROUND.

' Most gladly then will I rather boast in my weakness, that the power of Christ may spread a tent over me' (2 Cor. xii. 9).

OH, spread Thy covering tent around,
And wrap me in its folds profound,
And let me from that shade serene
Smile at life's troubles unforeseen ;
Enough for me that Thou art there,
Stooping to hear my whispered prayer.

Weak though I am, in this I'll boast,
That round me camp Thine angel host ;
That in their hands my soul they bear,
And shield me from each hidden snare ;
Kept by the power that Thou dost give,
Courage and strength each day to live.

Though foes are nigh, nought will I fear,
Nothing can harm while Thou art near ;
Rough billows roll and storms beat high,
Amid their roar I feel Thee nigh ;
And over me from heaven above
Is spread Thy tent of watchful love.

I THANK THEE, GENTLE JESUS.

I THANK Thee, gentle Jesus,
Because Thou lov'st me so,
And that Thine arms are round me
Wherever I may go.
I love to feel Thee near me,
Thou who wast once a child ;
I long to be as Thou wert,
As pure and undefiled.

I know that Thou hast promised
Each little child to take
To dwell with Thee in heaven,
If we will sin forsake.
I love to hear the story
Of children harping there,
With crowns upon their foreheads,
And raiment wondrous fair.

Oh, take my heart, dear Saviour,
Control its passions wild ;
And make me now and keep me
Thy little loving child.
Oh, make my heart so tender
That I shall grieve to sin,
And let Thy Holy Spirit
For ever dwell within,

To show me all the evil,
To teach me all the right,
That I may know my conduct
Is pleasing in Thy sight.
And then at last, dear Saviour,
When I am called to die,
To Thine own self receive me
To dwell beyond the sky.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AND RISEN.

WHEN the mists have cleared and risen,
Then the sun will come again,
And the dew on tree and meadow
Shine like diamonds after rain ;
When life's bitter pain is over,
And we reach the golden strand,
There will be no mists in heaven,
In our Father's fatherland.

While we're voyaging o'er life's ocean,
Over many a prospect fair,
There will come a mist from Cloudland,
And a heavy load of care.

How they drag our spirits downwards,
And we heave a heavy sigh,
As the billows roll in Cloudland,
And the waves toss fierce and high.

Ah ! but when the voyage is over,
And our barque is safe in port,
And the waves in dreary Cloudland
Dash in vain against that fort ;
When the glorious hills of heaven
Burst upon our raptured sight,
And Faith's vision every moment
Changes into fuller light,

We shall thank Him, as we gather
In the noontide's mellow ray,
That He brought us through the shadow
To the light of perfect day—
For the dreary days in Cloudland,
For the mystery of pain,
For the hours of cruel suffering,
For the sunshine and the rain.

A NEED.

JESUS CHRIST, I need Thee
 In my life to-day ;
Through its busy moments
 Close beside me stay.
Keep me watchful, prayerful,
 Leaning on Thy breast,
Calm amidst life's tumults,
 Of Thy love possessed ;
Patient midst life's duties,
 Calm in sorrow's hour ;
Peaceful in life's sufferings,
 Showing forth Thy power.

AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER
COMFORTETH.

As one whom his mother comforteth
 At the close of a long, long day,
When the feet are sullied and dust-worn,
 And tired of work and play,

And the weary little one creepeth
Close, close to the mother's breast,
And within that tender folding
Is lulled and soothed to rest—
In the quiet of happy childhood,
With never a vexing care
To wrinkle the snowy forehead
With harassing doubt and fear ;
Enough for the little sleeper
That 'tis mother's arms that fold,
And he smiles as in happy dreamland
He walks through a street of gold.

As one whom his Mother comforteth,
When the feet have gone far astray
Adown sin's highway of folly,
Far, far from the narrow way.
When the heart is bleeding and wounded,
And the spirit is sick and sore,
God loves with a mother's pity,
And lingers to raise once more,
From the mire of sin and sorrow
And the slough of despairing shame,
To a beautiful to-morrow
And a new untarnished name.

As one whom his mother comforteth
At the close of life's long, long day,
When our feet are sullied and dust-worn,
And we have grown old and gray,

And weary, and worn, and feeble,
With our little strength all but spent,
God draws us close to His bosom,
And hushes to sweet content.
The way has been long and toilsome,
And the roadway rough and steep,
But the eventide is falling,
And He giveth His loved ones sleep.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

GLORY be to Jesus !
Glory would we sing,
As our loving voices
With Thy praises ring.
Nothing can we bring Thee,
Lord, for what we owe,
But our heart's devotion,
Which we would bestow.

We have often grieved Thee,
Often gone astray
From the Love that wooed us
To the narrow way.
So we ask forgiveness,
Lord, for all the past ;
Keep us, we beseech Thee,
While our life shall last.

In the year that's coming,
 Jesus, we would be
Thy true-hearted followers,
 Never leaving Thee ;
Though the world may tempt us
 With its glittering snare,
May we, Lord, remember
 Ever whose we are !

And as years speed onward,
 Grim death drawing nigh,
In that hour, O Jesus !
 Stand Thou ever by ;
Let it not affright us
 With its surging waves ;
Let us hear the whisper,
 ‘Fear not ! Jesus saves !’

So o'er death triumphant
 May we safely ride ;
Join the loved ones waiting
 Over Jordan's tide ;
Sing a sweeter anthem
 Than we chant to-day,
As we praise and worship
 At Thy feet alway.

IN LIFE'S HOURS OF LONELY SADNESS.

IN life's hours of lonely sadness,
When we mourn in grief apart ;
When no passing gleam of gladness
 Lights upon our stricken heart,
Then, O Jesus ! draw Thou nearer,
 Let us hear Thy loving voice
Speak to us in accents tender,
 Whispering, ‘ Fear not ! but rejoice ! ’

When o'er mysteries we ponder,
Which we cannot understand,
And we fail to grasp the meaning
 Of our Father's chastening hand,
Then, O Jesus ! as of olden,
 Come and join us on our way,
And the Scriptures open to us ;
 Lead us in the light of day.

We would beg Thee, Lord, as they did,
 Ever with us to abide ;
We would face life's fiercest battle
 If we felt Thee by our side ;

Every grief would lose its bitter,
Every heart-throb lose its pain ;
Nay, each grief, from henceforth, ever,
We should count to be ‘a gain.’

But our eyes are holden, Saviour,
And sometimes we cannot see
Through the clouds and mists of sorrow
That we surely walk with Thee.
Every doubting, wavering spirit
With Thyself, O Saviour, fill ;
Over every troubled conscience
Breathe Thy pitying ‘ Peace, be still ! ’

SECRET TEARS.

THERE are tears that we shed in secret
Which our dearest may not see,
For the heart in its keenest anguish
Is only known to Thee ;
There are wounds that in love we cover,
Though we wince at the cruel dart,
And we hide e'en from friend or lover
The ache and the bitter smart.

And back to our work we hie us
With the arrow in our breast,
And the tears and the sighs lie buried
'Neath the smile or the laughing jest.
But our Father who sees in secret
To the mourner draweth near,
And with tender, pitying touches
Wipes away each falling tear.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

To die is gain, not loss :
Never a deeper, truer truth than this !
'Mors Janua Vitæ' is the 'Gate of Life.'
Death—hideous thing we call it,
But a gate that parts the world around from that
unseen,
The boundary line 'twixt life and fuller life !
To die is gain : how much we cannot tell
Till this mortality puts off its mortal garb,
To enter on that larger, fuller life
Of ceaseless service and unwearied toil ;
To know as we are known ;
To see, not darkly through a glass,
But face to face, the Infinite Unknown !

To die is gain, not loss :
It must be so, to live with Christ ;
To grow more like Him as the ages roll,
And æon after æon passes by,
And we unchained, unfettered, soaring free
In boundless knowledge, everlasting love !
To die is gain : why make we this ado,
And shrink and tremble at the thought of death,
Who only strikes the captive's bonds away
And sets the imprisoned spirit free ?

To die is gain ! and yet the end of life—
What we call life ;
But Life, what God calls Life,
The bursting into perfect life,
And strength, and beauty,
And perfect sinlessness, through Christ—
Ah, this, this only, is the Life that conquers
Death—
This Life with Christ that maketh Death a gain !

RESTING IN HIS PRESENCE.

RESTING in His presence, resting ! blest and happy day by day !

Resting in His presence, resting ! He is near us when we pray !

Resting, resting, safely resting, when the tide of life runs strong !

Resting in His presence, resting ! when the night of grief is long !

Resting in His presence, resting ! cheer the heart and raise the eye !

Resting in His presence, resting ! nought can harm if He is nigh !

Resting in His presence, resting ! can we find a surer rest,

Stronger tower, safer refuge, than our Saviour's loving breast ?

From that refuge we can whisper, ' 'Tis the Lord, He doeth well !'

' Though He slay me I will trust Him, and to all His praises tell ;

Though the arm of flesh should fail me, I shall never be alone :

He has promised that His presence evermore shall guard His own !'

I GIVE MYSELF TO THEE.

I GIVE myself to Thee,
As I have often done before,
To follow wholly day by day,
And never, never leave Thee more.

I want to know that every thought
Is prompted by the will Divine,
That every moment Thou wilt keep
This treacherous, wandering soul of mine.

Sometimes my heart is full of praise,
Because I feel Thee very near ;
I want the faith that conquers doubt,
The love that casts out every fear.

Dear Lord, I come to tell my wants,
The precious Saviour is my plea ;
Thou knowest how my spirit pants
To be entirely filled with Thee.

Give me the confidence serene
Which simply takes Thee at Thy word,
And knows the offering that I bring
Is now accepted by my Lord ;

That what I want Thou wait'st to do
(I ask according to Thy will),
And that Thou *dost*—not *wilt*—receive,
And *dost* with Thine my spirit fill.

A STORY OF THE STREETS.

ONLY a song in the busy street,
But the singer's voice was wild and sweet,
As ever the sweet refrain she sang,
Till the busy street with its echo rang.
It was only a woman standing there,
With the wintry sunshine on her hair,
Who sang for praise in the days of old,
But now she sang for lack of gold ;

Singing there in the frost and snow
Of a sunny springtime long ago,
When her heart was light and her voice was gay,
And she sang for joy from day to day.
But now in a passion of eager pain
She sang once more the old, old strain,
And the passers-by at her beauty stared,
And wondered why that so ill she fared.

And they turned again in that busy street
To hear that voice so wildly sweet ;

The rush and roar of the street went on,
But the voice of the singer was hushed and gone.
And the passers-by they looked in vain
For a sight of that woman's face again ;
And they listened in vain for those tones so sweet
That had echoed along the busy street.

Down in a cellar dark and dim
A woman's voice was crooning a hymn ;
Wrapped in her arms a baby lay,
And this was why she was singing to-day,
Standing out in the cold and snow,
With a face that told its tale of woe ;
And this was why there thrilled through her song
That bitter wail of a woman's wrong !

WHAT IS PRAYER ?

WHAT is prayer ? but weakness leaning on His
might.

What is prayer ? but doubting struggling into
light.

What is prayer ? but going to Him in our sorest
need.

What is prayer ? but leaning on Him like a
bruised reed.

What is prayer? but coming to Him like a child.
What is prayer? but knowing that He sees our
passions wild.

What is prayer? but longings deep without a
word.

What is prayer? but sometimes sobs that can be
heard.

What is prayer? but asking Him to take us in.

What is prayer? but coming to Him in our sin.

What is prayer? but telling Him we did Him
wrong.

What is prayer? but telling Him we grieved Him
long.

What is prayer? but gazing on His thorn-crowned
brow.

What is prayer? but telling Him we trust Him
now.

What is prayer? but knocking at the wicket-
gate.

What is prayer? but telling Him we come, though
late.

What is prayer? but grieving o'er our wasted
past.

What is prayer? but yielding Him His own at
last.

What is prayer? but nestling closely to His side.

What is prayer? but telling Him we're happy, let
what will betide.

What is prayer? but bending very low the knee.
What is prayer? but entering on His service free.
What is prayer? but begging Him to leave us
never.

What is prayer? but trusting Him to keep us ever

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

WE come with thankful voices,
 Our hymn of joy to raise,
To thank the loving Father,
 Who keeps us all our days.
Since last we came together,
 Through many a varied scene,
In many a hard-fought battle,
 Our shelter Thou hast been.

And so we come to offer
 To Thee our lives to-day,
And pray that Thou wilt keep us,
 And guard us in the way.
Thou knowest all our weakness,
 Our sin to Thee is known,
Yet Thy great love forgives us,
 And claims us for Thine own.

Oh, there were many singing
 Last Anniversary Day
 Who chant a joyous chorus
 Around Thy throne to-day.
 We miss them, ah ! we miss them,
 We miss their voice and smile ;
 But one day we shall see them
 Whom we have lost awhile.

Then keep us, precious Saviour,
 Oh, keep us true to Thee ;
 In all our thoughts and actions
 Thine only may we be.
 And then at last, dear Saviour,
 When we the fight have won,
 Oh, let us hear Thee saying
 To each of us, ‘ Well done ! ’

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

FORGIVE me, dear, if I almost doubt
 Your child could wear a form so sweet ;
 That in your ears as gaily rang
 The merry music of tinkling feet ;
 That dimpled arms your neck caressed
 With childish pressure, warm and light ;
 And soft lips cooed, and kissed again,
 With laughing rapture, ‘ Good-night ! good-
 night ! ’

Ah me ! ah me ! but my mother-heart
Is torn and twisted with cruel pain ;
And my arms are empty, that long to clasp
 My little one to my heart again.
It seems so strange that my little child
 No longer needs her mother's care ;
While my heart is breaking, and tears bedew
 That precious lock of golden hair.

Oh, my sweet ! my sweet ! is there ever one
 Child-angel, who walks that city fair,
That tore its way from its mother's heart,
 And left such a burden of sorrow there ?
You sigh, dear mother, though you are old,
 At the thought of those little graves under
 the shade ;
But grief is selfish, and, oh ! it seems
 My heart lies buried where Nell is laid.

And yet a vision I had last night :
 'Twas surely sent to ease my pain !
It came enrolled in a haze of light,
 But through it I saw my darling again.
A tender smile was on her lips,
 Her eyes were bright as in days of yore,
And close beside her the ' Shepherd ' stood,
 And whispered, ' She's safe for evermore.'

But my heart was hungry, and loud I cried,
‘ O Shepherd ! Lord !’ in my passion wild,
‘ My arms are empty, and Thine are full :
 Oh, give me back my only child !’
Then o'er the dream, it seemed to me,
 There came a shade so dim and drear,
That darker, and darker, and darker grew,
 And a sound of anguish met my ear.

And presently through the blinding rain,
 As the storm and tempest louder grew,
And the thunder rolled in massive peals,
 I saw a little form I knew :
Her eyes were wet, and her cheek was pale,
 And her feet with climbing were bruised and
 sore ;
And she sighed as she gazed across the main,
 To catch a glimpse of the other shore.

And then she shivered and shrank away
 From the bellowing and the thunder’s crash ;
And yet around her the storm beat on,
 And the lightning gleamed with lurid flash.
‘ O God !’ I cried, and I stretched my hands,
 And clasped them tight in my passionate pain,
‘ I know, I know that Thou doest right,
 And I pray Thee to take my child again,

' And keep her safe in the heavenly home,
 Away from the stormy paths of life ;
And let me walk in the wind and rain,
 And battle with all its fears and strife.
For what can my mother-love avail
 To shield my lamb from life's keen woe ?
And I thank Thee on my bended knees,
 Kind Shepherd, that Thou hast let it be so.'

Then softly and sweetly upon the air,
 Quenching the storm in its tender strain,
A burst of hallowed music stole,
 Till at last I could hear the sweet refrain.
I caught my breath and I listened hard,
 And a voice came to me, ' Arise ! arise !
And follow on where the music leads,
 'Tis thy little one singing in Paradise !'

Ah, mother, you weep, but my eyes are dry !
 Forgive me, dear, if I scoffed your grief ;
My heart was bitter, but now 'tis glad,
 For eternity's long and life is brief.
And soon, ah, soon ! down the golden stair
 My darling will come with footsteps fleet,
To bear me home on her shimmering wings,
 And lay me down at the Saviour's feet !

YOURS AND MINE.

MINE to brighten and to cheer !
Mine to love without a fear !
Mine to weep when he is sad !
Mine to laugh when he is glad !
Mine to meet him with a smile,
Though my heart be sad the while !
Mine to comfort and to bless !
Mine to drive with fond caress
All that vexes and annoys,
And his peace of mind destroys ;
With my words and looks so gay
Laugh the gathering gloom away !
Tender, gentle, wise and true,
Darling, I would be to you,
Queen of Home and Queen of Heart,
In life's battle do my part.

Yours to strengthen, help and guide
Over life's tempestuous tide !
Yours in tender tones and grave
For life's duties make me brave !
Yours to soothe, though others grieve !
Yours to stay, though others leave !
Heart to heart, oh ! may we stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand !

God of Love and God of Power,
Keep us, help us, every hour !
Purge and cleanse and purify,
Hallow, bless and sanctify,
Our joint lives, that they may be
Lived for heaven, lived for Thee !

— — —

MILESTONES.

WE smile as we pass the milestones
 In childhood's sunny days,
And laugh as the shadows lengthen,
 And bask in their mellow rays :
For we, with our life before us,
 Ride on o'er the white waves' crest ;
But when we grow old and feeble,
 We longingly look for rest.
And so at the milestones passing
 We smile as in days of yore,
For we know we are hastening onward
 To the place where time's no more :
For we are so tired and weary,
 And the years have passed so slow,
That we watch with great contentment
 Those lengthening shadows grow.

For, oh ! we are thinking, ‘ Some day,’
When the sun sinks in the west,
The Angel of God will call us
To His everlasting rest.
And so we are waiting, waiting,
For the call might come to-day,
And the angel’s wings be hovering,
And this be the last birthday.
For we are like children hastening
To the shelter of loving breast,
Worn out with the long day’s turmoil,
And glad to go ‘ Home ’ to rest.

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

THE old street lamp
Hears the tramp, tramp, tramp
Of the people down below ;
And its steady light
Shines clear and bright
As they hurry to and fro !
Some with faces worn and sad,
Some lit up with smile so glad :
Oh, many a tale, if it had its way,
Could the old lamp tell of many a day.

The old street lamp,
So grim and old,
Has its story hid away
Of the bright spring time
In its early prime,
In the days that are passed away,
Of some who lie beneath the sod,
Whose spirits have gone home to God :
Oh, many a tale, if it had its way,
Could the old lamp tell of many a day.

The old street lamp
Has watched them well,
And could read the look of care
In the once bright eyes,
Grown so worldly-wise,
See the cloud on the brow so fair.
Ah ! that sorrow should be so rife
In the bustle and march of daily life :
Oh, many a tale, if it had its way,
Could the old lamp tell of many a day.

The old street lamp
Is dumb, is dumb,
And ne'er a word says he
To good or bad,
To sorry or glad,
But shines in sympathy.

Ah ! would that all had so wise a friend,
 Who wouldn't mar if they couldn't mend.
 But, alas ! alas ! tears fall to-day
 At the thought of what one's friends will say.

OH, TO BE WILLING, WILLING !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
 Every day and every hour,
 By suffering or by service,
 To be showing forth Thy power !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
 Every day that Thou shouldst choose
 All the joy and all the sorrow,
 All I gain or all I lose !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
 To be used or laid aside,
 To dwell in the 'secret presence,'
 To be hidden in Thy side !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
 To be silent or to speak,
 To comfort and help the sad ones,
 Or the straying ones to seek !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
For the front if Thou command !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
In the back of the ranks to stand !

Oh, to be willing, willing,
For the Potter to mould the clay,
To carve and chisel and polish,
And for me to passive lay ;

To be made a vessel of honour,
Or for lowliest service meet,
To be just as Thou canst use me,
So I be in Thee complete—

Complete and wanting nothing,
To be perfect and entire,
Through the power of the Saviour's cleansing,
Through the Spirit's quickening fire !

'COMING TO DO THY WILL.'

COMING to do Thy will from day to day,
Oh, Father, teach me this like Christ to say :
Not mine own will, but Thine, and Thine the
way ;
Teach me, oh, Father, ever thus to pray.

Teach me obedience to Thy loving call;

Teach me for Thy dear sake to give up all,
Health, pleasure, fame, all at Thy feet to lay,
Content to know that I Thy will obey.

May disappointment and perplexing fear

But teach a lesson to my inmost ear,
Drawing me further from the world away,
Binding me closer to Thyself each day !

Each day will then be bright though fraught with
care,

If every grief be turned into a prayer,
Each cross reminding of the wondrous love
Which nailed Him there that wondrous love
to prove !

D A R B Y A N D J O A N.

(*Going to the Workhouse.*)

‘ JUST a minute, wife, before we go
And turn our back on the dear old home.
Let us kneel together beside the hearth
Ere we part beneath the blue sky’s dome.

‘ Hard for us ! and you can’t tell why ?
We are turned adrift and treated thus,
When we’ve paid our way and honest lived.
Terribly hard ! so it seems to us.

There's the chair where you used to sit,
While I worked in the garden a bit at night,
And you sang and stitched at the children's
clothes
As long as there came a glimmer of light.

'There's the cradle where Bessie lay—
Poor Bessie! who's sleeping beneath the sea.
Eh, wife! we thought we'd ha' broke our
hearts
The morning as Bessie went away.

'There's the china ; you know you said,
As you put it carefully on the shelf,
It were far too fine for daily use,
And the likes of us were best with delf.

'There'll be delf enough where we're going to,
wife,
And strangers' lips will drink from these :
But if we could ha' been together, lass,
They wouldn't ha' found us hard to please.

'Eh ! but I mind, as if yesterday,
The sunshine and light that was on us shed,
The garlands gay that the children wove,
And flung in our path, the day we were wed,

- ‘ And I brought you here to this little cot,
And I kissed your lips with a lover’s pride,
As I fondly whispered, “ Darling, now
We shall always journey side by side ”;
- ‘ And the parson’s words in the village church,
“ To have and to hold till death do part.”
‘ Tis death that ’ll join us again, methinks,
In the world beyond, my own sweetheart !
- ‘ Nay, nay, my darling, dry your tears,
Lift up your head, for the Lord is true ;
And though we are parted now for a bit,
We shall be together, me and you !
- ‘ In the world above, with its mansions fair,
Sure, wife, there’ll be one for you and me ;
We can bide our time, it may not be long
Ere the call of the angel sets us free.
- ‘ Come now, my wife, we must turn the key,
And the dear old life we must leave behind ;
Let us trust our God in the darkness, wife,
And be sure through all “ He is good and kind.”
- ‘ Come, wife, step out ; here, take my arm ;
Let me kick this stone from out your way.
To-morrow, my darling, I may not do
The things I may do for you to-day.

‘ Good-bye, sweet wife ; we’re at the door :
 Oh, God ! that ever it came to this !
His will be done, my lass ; through all
 We’ll trust Him, wife—now give me a kiss !

‘ This kiss must linger for many a day ;
 Well, dear one, you’ve been kind and true,
And I bless the morning even now
 Which dawned to give me a prize like you.

‘ There, dear one, there, we must go in ;
 The evening shadows fall apace.
We’re parted now, though we’re man and wife,
 But we’ll aye be one “ in the other place.” ’

VESPER CHIMES.

WHEN the evening shadows gather,
 And the toils of day are o'er,
And the glints of sunlight slanting
 Right athwart the chamber floor,
And the busy hands are folded,
 And the work is put away,
Hark! the vesper bell is calling
 In sweet tones to go and pray—
 Pray to God the Father,
 Pray to God the Son,
 Pray to God the Spirit,
 Blessed Three in One!

Heavenly Father, Thou hast called us,
 Wilful children though we be ;
Foolish, vain, and often erring,
 Yet we come to worship Thee.
Though we come with eyes averted,
 Face downcast with bitter shame
Yet we come, our only merit—
 Trusting in our Saviour's name.
Listen, how the bells are chiming !
 Still with pleading tones they say
Yet again the self-same measure,
 Go and pray, go and pray !

Pray to God the Father,
Pray to God the Son,
Pray to God the Spirit,
Blessed Three in One !

Jesus Christ His life has given,
Through His death He gives us life ;
Open is the gate of heaven,
Ended is the bitter strife !
He has come to be our Brother,
Friend, and Counsellor, and Guide ;
He has loved us as none other,
And will love whate'er betide.
Listen, how the bells are chiming !
Still with pleading tones they say
Yet again the self-same measure,
Go and pray, go and pray !
Pray to God the Father,
Pray to God the Son,
Pray to God the Spirit,
Blessed Three in One !

Holy Spirit, whom the Father
Gives as Comforter Divine,
Into hearts with sin and grief worn,
Let Thy gracious presence shine !

Guide into more perfect knowledge,
Cherish every good desire ;
Fan the spark of grace within us
 Into living hallowed fire !
Listen, how the bells are chiming !
 Still with pleading tones they say
Yet again the self-same measure,
 Go and pray, go and pray !
 Pray to God the Father,
 Pray to God the Son,
 Pray to God the Spirit,
 Blessed Three in One !

Blessed Father, Son, and Spirit,
 We would serve and worship Thee
As the holy choir in heaven,
 Ever glorious Trinity !
Take our stammering lips' devotion,
 Into purer worship raise ;
Let our lives make sweetest music,
 One grand choral hymn of praise !
Listen, how the bells are chiming !
 Soft and tender is the lay,
Yet again the self-same measure,
 Go and pray, go and pray !

Pray to God the Father,
Pray to God the Son,
Pray to God the Spirit,
Blessed Three in One !

LIFE'S REFRAIN.

Is there ever a sweet without a bitter,
A song with never a minor key ?
Is there ever a bird whose joyous twitter
Is all through life a pæan of glee ?
Ah no, ah no ! we would it were so ;
But the years they come and the years they
go,
And they bear on their bosom, as moments fly,
Our passionate longings for days gone by.

Not here, not here, will life's rushing river
Flow on over boulders smooth and fair ;
Not here, not here, will lips cease to quiver,
Or hearts to throb with an anguish rare.
Ah no, ah no ! it cannot be so ;
But the years they come and the years they
go,
And they bear on their bosom, as moments fly,
Our passionate longings for days gone by.

Not here may cease life's weary aching,
For voice to soothe us, and arms to fold ;
For eyes to watch us with tender yearning,
And kisses to crown as in days of old.
Ah me, ah me ! but it must be so,
While the years they come and the years
they go ;
While they bear on their bosom, as moments
fly.
Our passionate longings for days gone by.

Not here, but yonder, the joys unfading,
The endless pæan, the tearless eye ;
The perfected psalm from hearts o'erflowing,
That never again shall falter 'Good-bye.'
Ah yes, ah yes ! but it will be so
When the years no longer shall come and go,
And in one brief moment life's bitterest pain
Is merged into God's eternal gain.

STRENGTHENED WITH MIGHT.

STRENGTHENED with might by His Spirit,
Strengthened from day to day ;
Not according to our poor asking,
In proportion to how we pray.
Ah no ! His gifts are *royal*,
And according to His *power*,
And the might of His *kingly glory*,
Are we strengthened every hour :

Strengthened to walk with patience,
In the path of ‘every day,’
Giving thanks unto the Father,
To rejoice in Him alway ;
Strengthened to be long-suffering
In the trials that come each day,
To resist each dark temptation,
To faint not, but ever pray—

To pray when our faith is feeble,
When the heart is cold and dead,
When the storms of persecution
Beat on our defenceless head.

Strengthened with might by His Spirit,
This hath the victory won,
Translated from power of evil
To the kingdom of His dear Son.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Christ hath ris'n, and we
shall rise!

Alleluia! Alleluia! He hath opened Paradise,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Let our hearts rejoice once
more!

Alleluia! Alleluia! He shall triumph evermore!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the weeping hearts be
glad!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Jesus comforteth the sad!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise Him for the sorrows
past!

Alleluia! Alleluia! He will give us joys that
last!

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Praise Him for the word He said !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! ‘Blessed are the faithful dead !’

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Though they’re lost to us awhile—

Alleluia ! Alleluia !—they are basking in His smile !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Soon the ‘Day of God’ will come !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! He will take His servants home !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! evermore our song shall be !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! we shall sing eternally !

A NEW CREATURE IN CHRIST JESUS.

So small, so feeble, and so poor,
How can my wavering faith endure,
And humbly walk from day to day
In Christ’s long-suffering, patient way ?
How can my tiny, glimmering light
Burn clear and constant, calm and bright ?
How can my footsteps ever tend
To point to Christ, ‘the sinner’s friend’ ?

How can my faltering lips e'er try
To tell how Jesus came to die
For all the world, and yet for *me*,
To set *my* trembling spirit free ?
How can I tell of that dear love
Which broods like tender, pitying dove,
About my soul from day to day,
And prompts me when I kneel to pray ?

I am in Christ a creature new,
And He can every thought renew,
And make me strong His cross to bear,
And brave His sufferings to share !
Why should I shrink to own His name,
Or mind if others praise or blame ?
If me He condescend to use,
Let Him the time, the manner, choose.

What though the world should on me frown ?
The world wove Jesu's thorny crown !
This binds me by a twofold cord,
'The servant shall be as His Lord.'
Then, trusting, Lord, in Thy dear name,
I take the cross, despise the shame,
And walk with Thee till life shall end,
Proud to be called 'my Saviour's friend.'

'BLESSSED ARE THEY WHICH HAVE
NOT SEEN.'

OH, blessed ! blessed ! blessed !
The eyes that have not seen,
But gaze with Faith's fond vision,
Without a cloud between.

For them the golden portals
For ever stand in sight ;
They see the beauteous Temple
Which has no need of light.

For them o'er life's rough pathway
A halo shineth clear ;
The King in all His beauty
To trusting souls draws near.

The web of life lies hidden,
Its future all unknown,
But Faith with holy rapture
Knows God will guard His own.

For all that life may bring them
They have no fear or doubt ;
Their present and their future
Are compassèd about

With Love's almighty sheltering,
By Love Divinely planned.
Oh, blessed are the faithful,
Whose times are in His hand!

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

SONGS in the night ! when thy soul is weary,
Weary and worn with a weight of woe.
Songs in the night ! when thy way is dreary,
And the lamp of life burns faint and low.
Songs in the night ! in the awful stillness,
Watching alone by the loved one's bed,
When the shadow grim (which is ever nameless)
Wraps thee round with a fearful dread.

Round and about thee, their sweet watch keeping,
Angel-forms that thou lovedst of yore—
Hush for a moment thy bitter weeping—
Wafting thee strains from the distant shore,
Chanting a song in heavenly measure,
Echo of those they are singing there !
Cease thy sobbing, each word to treasure ;
Pour thy tears in a burst of prayer.

Songs in the night ! thy God is speaking,

Compassing thee with a Father's care.

Over thy head the clouds are breaking,

Breaking in blessings rich and rare.

Songs in the night ! oh, blessed singing !

With their music the night has flown ;
Morn has come, on its pale wing bringing

Light that is aye for His children sown !

JESU, THOU ART TO ME.

JESU, Thou art to me

The sweetest and the rarest,

The altogether fairest—

Art everything to me !

‘ As the apple of My eye I will keep,

With My counsel I will ever guide My sheep,

Till that day

When the mountains melt away,

And the rocks their silence break ;

Then My loved ones I will take

To Myself for evermore !’

Jesu, Thou art to me
 Dearer than earthly store !
 Ah, make me love Thee more,
 Thou glorious King !
 ‘ I will be a shield and tower ;
 I will keep from evil’s power
 Every day.
 In the hollow of My hand
 Thou shalt stand
 Safe and blest ;
 Thou shalt rest
 With Myself for evermore !’

Jesu, Thou art to me
 Heaven’s brightest gift,
 My soul to lift
 From earth to heaven !
 ‘ Thy stay in grief, thy help in strife,
 Thy peace in death, thy joy in life,
 All the way !
 And after roll of years, conflict and fears,
 Contempt and sneers, sighings and tears,
 Thy home at last !’

HYMN FOR SPECIAL SERVICE.

OH, Saviour Christ, to Thee we come,
Oppressed and burdened with our sin ;
We come to tell Thee all we know,
Each secret wrong that lurks within.

Ah ! search and try our inmost hearts.
Dear Lord, Thou know'st they pant for Thee ;
In spite of all our foolishness,
Thine only, Saviour, would we be.

Forgive us that we did not choose
In earlier days that 'better part' ;
And, Jesus, give us while we pray
A tender, loving, contrite heart.

We want that penitential grief
That mourns for having gone astray ;
We want to feel that sweet relief
Which Thou dost give to those who pray.

We want to feel that Thou wilt make
And keep us pure from day to day ;
We want to feel that Thou dost hear,
And stoop to bless us, while we pray.

We want—but, Jesus, what we want,
 And what we need, Thou well canst see ;
 And so we bring Thee all our wants,
 For, lo ! ourselves we bring to Thee ;

And pray that now Thy healing touch
 May on us fall, as in past days,
 And keep us, Jesus, to the end,
 And we will give Thee all the praise.

THINE OWN, THINE OWN !

THINE own, Thine own ! Sweet Saviour, we adore
 Thee,
 And pour our hearts' devotion at Thy feet !
 Thine to be always ! Thine to be for ever !
 Sweet Saviour, make the sacrifice complete !

Long have we grieved Thee by half-hearted
 service.
 Sweet Saviour, now we freely give up all ;
 All we love best we yield into Thy keeping,
 Content to leave them at Thy loving call.

We cannot understand the Love that suffered
Such ignominy coarse, and mocking rude ;
The Love sublime that 'mid heart-breaking sorrow
In sinless majesty all-patient stood !

We cannot understand ; but, Lord, we worship
This mystery Divine from heaven above !
How can poor finite hearts contain Thee,
Thou very Essence of the Father's love ?

We cannot understand, but, Saviour, teach us ;
Some simple, childlike lesson let us spell ;
Some glimmering of Thy meaning shed upon us,
Ah say why Thou in such poor clay shouldst
dwell !

Let us catch something of Thy glorious meaning,
Why Thou shouldst bring us heaven down to
earth ;
Why God should e'er have sent the angels
With tidings of the princely Saviour's birth !

And when at last some dim perception greets us
That it was Love that pierced Thy side and
drove the nail,
Then, Saviour, bind our wandering hearts' devo-
tion
About Thy cross, and let it never fail :

That we may never prove Thy traitors,
By word or look our Sovereign Lord betray;
But, rather, boldly let us fight Thy battles,
And cling the closer in the bloody fray!

THE NIGHT-TIDE GATHERS.

THE night-tide gathers, Saviour; draw Thou near,
To chase from every heart each trembling fear,
To soothe each woe, to comfort every grief,
Pouring into each heart Thy sweet relief.

We are so weary and so sad at heart—
Like Mary, let us choose the better part,
To sit at Thy dear feet and learn of Thee:
Dear Saviour, give us true humility.

All pride and selfishness that have to-day
Wrought in our hearts, O Jesus, take away!
Breathe on us sweet forgiveness, tender peace,
And grant to every burdened soul release!

Our doubts and fears, dear Lord, we bring to Thee;
From each anxiety now set us free;
Our doubts and fears for others, Saviour, still,
Resting our anxious hearts on Thy dear will.

Help us to hinder not our prayers to Thee,
By helping them the hallowed cross to flee ;
Let us be willing that they suffer pain
And sorrow, so Eternal Life they gain !

Thou knowest all ! Dear Lord, we rest us there ;
Give calm repose in answer to our prayer ;
Thou knowest all the weary way we trod,
Now we would rest us on our loving God.

Because Thou willest *all* to come to Thee—
All to be cleansed from their impurity—
Because Thou yearnest in Thy Father-heart
That all should come at last to where Thou art,

Therefore we let Thee, Father, choose the way,
Not only for ourselves, but those that stray ;
We trust them to Thy tender, pitying love,
That Thou wilt bring them Home—the feet that
rove.

AT HOME.

As we sit by the Christmas fire,
Talking low in the twilight dim,
Thoughts go back to sweet days of olden
Pictures memory loves to limn ;

They were with us—the two that loved us—

Only a few short years ago ;

They have gone to the Home in heaven,

And we weep—but it must be so.

Years ago, when the snow was falling,

Christmas bells scarcely ceased to chime ;

Two of the dear, loved voices caroled

Their Christmas hymn ‘in the heavenly clime.’

One by one how the circle narrows !

Some went Home when the flowers bloom ;

God called one when the spring was coming,

Into His summer, out of the gloom.

Those that are left, how we sit together,

Talking of all they did and said ;

How through many a stormy passage

They were tenderly, gently led !

And as we talk salt tears are flowing,

For we miss them so sore ! so sore !

And we long with a bitter longing

To hear their voices once more ! once more !

We shall hear them, those dear loved voices,

Sweet and tender, and see their smile ;

They are only at Home before us ;

We shall go in a little while.

Don't you remember when we were children ?

Racing, hurrying to and fro,
How we laughed as we cried out gaily,
' I want to be first home, you know !'

Now we are hurrying on life's journey,

But we tread it with steps more slow ;
Still, each day makes the journey shorter,
And, as then, we are ready to go.

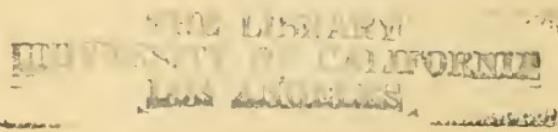
Soon the circle will be completed,
Soon again we be hand in hand,
With the dreary waste of grief behind us,
All at Home in God's Gloryland !

THE END.

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